more of usurped Nazi power from that country once thought great. He'll fall in with Hitler's views alright, but will it be in time? Rome radio last night said that the two greatest brains of the modern age - Hitler and (believe it or not) their own swollen bullfrog of the Pontine marshes - will find a way out.

To-days news makes it look as though they'll have to do an awful lot of looking to get out of the jam they'll be in before they can really get their plans lined up. And there haven't been any signs that Mussolini's doing much about it. With a first grade blitzkrieg going pretty slow in Russia, Hitler's got a full time job to hang on to the poor remains of Mussolini's empire with the other hand.

And he will have noticed - and I hope Petain's keepers showed it also to that poor old man - what must be one of the quickest diplomatic reactions in history - the American State Departments declaration about Weygand's dismissal, a declaration which came so quickly that it almost coincided with the official announcement of the dismissal. Not only was it a quick reaction, it was an unusually strong one. The Unitied States considers that the way has how been opened for Germany to take control which was never granted her by the terms of last year's armistice, and accordingly she is cutting off the economic assistance she has been giving to North Africa and is reviewing the whole of her policy towards France# That may mean the breaking off of relations with Vichy and the recognition of de Gaule, a great step forward in the liberation of Europe, a step which will place great assets at present frozen at the disposal of Free France. And the people of Algeria and of Morocco will soon know what they owed to American humanity, and what exactly is the cost of letting Hitler i

At the same time as America has been intensively active in the West, warning Vichy, going ahead with preparations to put into effect the Neutrality Act revision, she has also been active in the East. Inevitably the news of the past days has put Kurusu in the shade, even here where what happens in Washington is vitally important. But in many ways that seems a pretty good thing. The repercussions of our offensive have been felt all over the world, and not least in Tokyo. The tooting of tin trumpets by Generals and Admirals in the Diet has been made to look a trifle small. An And Mr. Kurusu himself is no doubt ceasing to feel that he holds the fate of the world in his hands. In fact, the chilly atmosphere engendered by

Tojo's and Shimada's extremely ill-timed speeches at the beginning of the week now seems to have changed almost to a wait-in-the-outer-office, we'll deal with you later attitude, which one feels is very healthy for Japan. Not that the Far Eastern situation has diminished in importance, that's a silly idea. It's just that when things are happing -- important things -- people haven't much time for those who are concerned only to puff themselves out and say how important they are and how frightened you should be of them. Both America and Britain are content to let the Japanese work off their steam and then decide whether they want to fight us or not. We'll be sorry if they do, but by no stretch of the imagination can we be said to be afraid of them. We have made our dispositions and it's up to them to decide whether or not they'ld rather see reason or commit suicide.

Meanwhile our preparations are quietly but significantly going on. There are Canadians in Hongkong, Australian reinforcements in Malaya. Mr. Eden has stressed the importance to Britain and America of keeping optn the Burma road, Thailand is said to be calling up reserves. These and many other things not publicised are going on continually, building up a front of solid strength before which the Japanese may well quail.

One interesting new development in the Far East this week is that the Japanese have in their war of nerves again turned the heat on Russia, perhaps because America and Britain have paid insufficient attention to it. I may say that Russian nerves show no signs of being in any way affected, but perhaps the Japanese have changed their minds again and think that North is their safest way out. Protests about an alleged crossing of the Manchurian border by Russian troops, and threats that Japan knows what to do if Russia shows insufficient sincerity over the sinking of the Kebi Maru coincided miraculously with a Hitler claim that soldiers from Siberia had been captured on the Moscow front. It was one of the most insubstantial claims we've heard for a long time even from Hitler, but no doubt it was only part of a lot of well worked-up "confidential reports" pumped into Tokyo by the Nazis. It coincided

of course with a new Nazi push on the Russian front, a push which already looks as if it's destined for even greater failure than its predecessors. But it seems the Japanese swallowed it, at least for a time, and thought they'd try it on the Russians once again. Well they've tried and it still doesn't seem to get them anywhere, any more than Hitler is getting anywhere on the Eastern front. And in these last three days it's we who've sent the best possible propaganda into Japan -- the propaganda of fact, of truth of action. We are on the offensive now, and the odds are on our side.

Miss Broadhead

News Talk. 10.05. Novr. 31st. By Leonard Mosley of Allied Newspapers

It is raining tonight in the Western Desert. Along the narrow coastal plain that runs between the Mediterranean and the biscuit coloured cliffs of the Libyan escarpment a storm is driving, turning the yellow sand into a gluey morass. Convoys of troops and guns and ammunition, thundering westwards along the road from Sidi Barrani, are gingerly sticking close to the tarmac, despite the shells plopping dangerously close as Nazi gunners range upon them from the emplacements around Hellfire Pass. They prefer to take a chance with man-made missiles rather than trust their precious cargoes to the sticky depths of western desert mud. That mud is safe only for the lines of trudging infantrymen as they squelch, cursing softly, towards enemy concentrations; for them and for the giant tanks, the cruisers and the whippets of Britain's armoured divisions -- probing the starshell illuminated night beyond Bardia, as this is spoken, for General Rommel's panzer forces, shuddering and skidding westwards with all speed in the hope of contacting them and provoking the armoured clash that may well decide the issue of this dramatic new desert war.

A shiver goes down my spine as I think about conditions out there in the desert tonight, for I was on that bitter escarpment this time last year with General Wavell and I know only too well how the boys must be feeling as they push westwards through the wind and sleet of a Libyan winter. But I'll wager that in at least one British sector of the Middle East battleground at this moment our troops are feeling neither the cold nor the rain. An Allied garrison of Britons, Indians and Poles stand beside their guns in a little town a hundred miles inside the Libyan frontier and wait for something they've dreamed about for seven months to come true. Tobruk is on the point of being relieved. Bombed, blitzed but still impregnable Tobruk can hear guns and see starshells bursting just on the horizon tonight, and planes scream rooftop high over her battered buildings and bomb-cratered streets. And Tobruk is mighty glad to hear them; for the first time for well over two hundred days the rolling thunder come not from the Nazis but from British guns, and they are RAF planes

that are roaring over the town, and it's all music in the ears of the men of the besieged garrison, for it means that help has come at last, that British troops are hacking their way through the enemy lines towards them, and that Tobruk is about to be relieved. The historic stand of the men of Tobruk is all but over -- maybe already is over as these words are spoken -- and finale is being written to a magnificent story that will henceforth be a glorious page in Britain's history.

Only two months ago I was inside Tobruk and I spent several days with British and Indian troops who have been inside the most blitzed town in the world ever since last April. For them it has been seven months of daily shelling from Nazi longrange guns; of twelve-times daily visits from shrieking Stuka divebombers and squadrons of Heinkels and Messerschmitts. Seven months of life on iron rations and half a pint of water a day. Yet there was cheerfulness and confidence among every British trooper I spoke to, supreme confidence that their ordeal wouldn't be prolonged much longer, that a new drive was coming and that Tobruk would be relieved.

They haven't been disappointed, for one of General Sir Alan Cunningham's first objectives in his dramatic desert drive has been Tobruk, and tonight our rescuing columns are probably already inside. And if they have, I know what is happening at this moment. I asked the commanding officer while I was there what was the first thing he and his troops would do when relief reached them. He seemed surprised at the question. "Why, we'll join our regular forces and go on with the fight, of course," he said; "what do you think we've been sitting in Tobruk for all these months; to evacuate it just at the moment when the fun is beginning? Oh no, you just go and ask those Polish troops what they plan to do when the road into Libya is open again, and they'll tell you in no uncertain words that they're going right out to carve up a few Nazis. After what their people have gone through in Poland, it's all that most of them are living for -- a chance to get to grips with a Hun. And our own boys, too, are feeling just as fierce, I can tell you. Seven months of shelling and bombing is apt to whip up your fighting temper. Oh yes, we want

to be relieved -- but only so's we can take our place in the battle line."

And so you can picture them there at this moment, watching the shells burst over the horizon, listening to the noise of the battle, and waiting for the first columns to come through and open a path for them to the fighting line.

Though this new British drive into Axis-controlled North Africa has burst with such dramatic suddenness upon the world, don't think that months of work ~~and~~ planning and reinforcing haven't gone into it. Ever since last June the strategy chiefs of the British forces in the Middle East have been working on the plan that would once more wrest Libya and Cyrenaica from the Nazis and their Italian puppets. It was General Auchinleck's first big job when he took over from General Wavell to decide the men and material he would need, and to work out his plan of campaign. And all through the summer those men and those materials have been pouring into the Middle both from Britain and America; infantrymen, gunners, and aircrews; tanks and lories, guns and ammunitions; Tomshawk and Hurricane fighters, Maryland bombers and Blenheims and Sunderlands, and Beaufighters for night actions against enemy troops.

Last August I drove out from Alexandria to our outpost positions around Sollum and it was convoys, convoys all the way -- a great stream of material flowing ceaselessly into the desert in readiness for the great day. It was while I was out there at Sollum that I renewed my acquaintance with General Sir Alan Cunningham, whom I accompanied when he led his victorious South African troops into Addis Abbaba. The man who captured Abyssinia was already fitting himself for the role of conqueror of Libya. Dusty and with a stubble of beard on his chin, he was just back from what he himself called "a short trip." Actually, his ADC told me, he had been out with Britain's famous desert adventurers, the long-range desert patrol, who drive by compass across uncharted sands and creep behind the enemy lands to spy upon their preparations. General Cunningham had not been sure about some facts reported in an intelligence report, so he'd been behind the enemy lines to see for himself.

Even then, when I asked him about the Western Desert campaign, he was confident; and he's received much more material and men since then. Today all reports indicate that the army of Britons, South Africans, Indians and New Zealanders under his control are sweeping steadily westwards. Tobruk is on the point of being relieved. Britain's armoured divisions scour the desert in the hope of meeting up with the Nazi panzers and forcing a battle; but though that may come at any moment, General Rommel's steel monsters have so far proved as shy as the Italian fleet during affairs of this kind. Strong point which our forces will have to crack before their drive deep into Libya can continue without fear of enemy counter attacks is Bardia. Bardia is one of the strongest defended ports on the Cyrenaican coast. Its fortifications are well nigh impregnable and its heavy coastal batteries are manned and ready to repel a landing from the sea. Bardia fell last time to Britain's armoured division after a dingdong struggle. This time specially picked Nazi shock troops are defending it, and the fighting is going to be hard. But Bardia must be taken before our army goes on. Nazi concentrations at Halfaya can be contained and largely ignored, but Bardia is another matter. Remaining in Axis hands, it might well prove as dangerous to us as Tobruk proved to the Nazis, especially if, as seems likely, we plan to push on to Derna, Benghazi and Tripoli. So it must be taken and the battle for it is likely to begin within the next few hours.

A fellow war correspondent with me here in Singapore, Norman Fisher, newsreel cameraman of British Movietone News, believes Bardia will be captured by a combined land, air and sea attack, and that bombardment from the sea will be largely responsible for the port's fall. He should know, because Fisher has served as a war correspondent with the navy since the Middle East War began and he was aboard a destroyer with his camera last time the British fleet shelled the fight out of Bardia. "It was a terrific sight", he says "to see the guns of every single ship of the battle fleet simultaneously turning, elevating wavering slightly, and then suddenly freezing with their guns trained o Bardia. And then, in the dawn light, red flame suddenly shot across th sky as the ships opened fire. Through the smoke and dust we

could see immense pillars of dust and debris thrown up by the bursting shells [redacted] in and around Bardia, mingled with the salvoes of bombs from the RAF and shells from our batteries on land. Bardia disappeared into a cloud of smoke and orange flame. At the end of twenty minutes of firing we turned and made back to sea, leaving Bardia a mass of smoke and fires. "I'm convinced that the onslaught of steel which we gave them was responsible for Bardia's collapse", Fisher maintains.

And I can confirm that, for when I entered the town after its capture, prisoner after prisoner spoke of the horror of that naval bombardment and said [redacted] it had broken the defenders' heart.

Well, the hearts of Bardia's defenders this time are a bit stouter, but streams of one-ton shells, from our mighty Mediterranean Fleet can break them, too. And it [redacted] wouldn't surprise me if, at this moment, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham (brother of our military leader in the desert) isn't leading his fleet to positions under the shadows of the Libyan coast - there to wait for dawn, when he will give the order for a mighty barrage to blast the courage and determination out of Bardia's defenders.

The battle for the Libyan desert is still in its earlier stages and its difficult to forecast what is going to happen. But the first stages have gone well, and all who know General Auchinleck realise that he would never have begun his drive if he hadn't had enough men and guns and planes and ships to make him sure of victory.

Rumour [redacted] In the driving rain of the soggy Libyan desert tonight, dramatic events are looming. The blinkered monsters of our armoured division squelch through the mud, searching for the Nazi panzers; shells scream and machine guns rattle on Tobruk's outskirts as British troops battle towards the beleaguered garrison; and somewhere at sea the British fleet is on the prowl, its men at action stations and ready to fire - at Italian ships if they dare to come out, or at the Nazi-manned emplacements of Bardia. The drive goes forward through the cold bitter night. Who knows this time where it will stop?

Miss Broadhead

News Talk by Gallagher. Novr. [redacted]. 20th.

Gurkhas in Malaya.

While Kurusu was sailing over the Pacific last week to make his last minute bid for a peaceful achievement of Japan's ambitions in the Pacific, I was somewhere in Malaya's jungle regions with the Men of the Kukri -- our loyal Allies, the Gurkhas. They were taking part in important manoeuvres. They were the enemy theoretically invading Malaya -- probing for weak spots in our defence plans... Watching them on the job I wished Kurusu and I could have changed places. If, as Japan's propagandists say, it's peace Kurusu is looking for, then a look at the Men of the Kukri during those manoeuvres would have given him another argument to use -- not in Washington but in Tokio. An objective report on the fighting capabilities of the Men of the Kukri in Malaya would, I think, impress even Tokio's fubsy warlords...

I don't praise people easily. I'm a bit mean in handing out bouquets. But, without qualification, I say here that of all the troops I've seen on Britain's warfronts -- from the Metz sector of the old Maginot line, to the North, South and East coasts of Britain, to the Middle East, and out here to this potential warfront -- I've not seen any troops that combine so many good qualities as the Gurkhas who arrived here little over a month ago... I've seen none that look so tough -- and their officers say they are tough -- few so fit, so capable of honest-to-goodness hard work, so enthusiastic, as these thousands of short, wiry-muscled, poker-faced Allies of ours from Nepal. Their officers are lucky. The Gurkha soldier is not temperamental. He does not consider himself a prima donna when he comes to town. If he wants to show off he does it on the battlefield.

Before I started this eulogy -- and, please believe me, I mean every word of it -- I said I had no qualifications to add. Well, I have. One. There are thousands of Gurkhas here. I wish there were more... They are happy to be here, they're happy with their officers -- European and Indian -- they are satisfied with their new arms, and most important, they are satisfied with their cause. Their simple faith was summed up by a subedar major who has been a soldier for

15 years. He said: "Britain is at war. We are your Allies. I am satisfied to be here."

And the seal was put on the whole set-up by a ceremony the Men of the Kukri held a couple of weeks ago. It's called daserah. It is always performed before the Gurkhas go into action. At a certain ~~kkkkki~~ transit camp in Malaya all ranks -- and as many as possible -- gathered around a water-buffalo, specially chosen as a prime specimen. One of the most powerful Gurkhas drew his kukri -- you know, that slightly curved, long knife the fathers of these Gurkhas used so effectively on the Western Front in the last war. Then came a moment when the whole of the next twelve months hung in the balance.. the razor-sharp kukri flashed in a parabola and the water-buffalo's head detached from its body -- cleanly severed... Everybody cheered like mad. They picked the head up by the horns and carried it before the muzzles of as many of the guns -- rifles, machine guns, mortars, and all the others -- it was carried in front of as many guns as it was possible to muster.. And the subedar major sent a telegram immediately to the commanding officer who happened to be in conference in Singapore. His message read: "Buffalo sacrificed beautifully." The C.O. replied: "Congratulations."

What was it all about? Well, if the Gurkha who swung the kukri had misjudged his blow -- if the blade had not gone cleanly between two vertebrae in the buffalo's neck -- if, in a word, he had not severed the head in one deft blow -- then the whole unit would have suffered bad luck for the next twelve months. But it was a model sacrifice, and the parade in front of the guns means that they will all shoot straight for twelve months...

There's an interesting story about the loyalty of these Allies of ours. Most of you will know it as it's history, but it's worth recalling. After the Gurkha war of 1815, the peace terms which we signed with them laid down that no white men would be allowed in Nepal, their country, except the British envoy, the counterpart of the Gurkha envoy to the Court of St. James. Plus a number of recruiting agents who are allowed to enlist 20,000 Gurkhas for service at home in India.

But should general mobilisation be declared in India, the Nepal Durbar would increase the number.

Believe it or not, this war had been on for ten months when Nepal wanted to know why no Gurkhas had yet been sent overseas for service. Someone recalled the agreement -- pointed out that general mobilisation had not been declared in India. Nepal's answer to this legal obstruction was immediate and forthright -- they increased the enlistment number considerably and agreed to service overseas at once. That's how the Men of the Kukri, -- your Allies, your friends -- came to Malaya, ready to help you defend.

I've mentioned their traditional weapon the kukri so often I'm wondering if it may give a wrong impression. That it's their main fighting weapon. It is not. Today it's used only in "special circumstances" in fighting lines. I saw them handling during these exercises some of the most efficient, modern weapons Britain is producing today. You'd think, watching them, that they'd been familiar with them all their lives. In point of fact, it is really a tribute to the high standard of their training -- and to the adaptability of the Gurkhas themselves -- for among them are men who had not seen white men before and many who had had so little contact with out civilisation that their first boots were Indian Army boots.

Soldiering, incidentally, is one of the main occupations of Nepal. As one of their officers put it: "You might say fighting is a staple industry." Take the subedar major, I mentioned who sent the telegram. His father was a soldier, and his grandfather. His son's going to be or at least one of them is. If there are five brothers, say, on a farm, two will stay at home to run it while three will join up. The subedar major comes from a village of only 700 men, yet most of them have seen service -- although it's a ten days walk from the village to the nearest railway station..

I asked him what he thought of Malaya and he said with all the diplomatic caution of a neutral ambassador: "It is a nice clean place. It is interesting to see all the rubber trees." Actually, he likes it very much. His O.C. told me he thinks it would be paradise for them if they had more spare time as they are great hunters. The

subedar major constantly remarks -- a little wistfully -- when passing through or around likely jungle: "Sahib, there ought to be a lot of game here.. there must be a lot of pigs to kill." But, unfortunately there isn't a lot of time, so they let off steam playing soccer and basketball, and they get a kick out of P.T.

Like most good soldiers, they are prone to grumble. It is a fighting man's prerogative, but I've not often seen the spirit of friendliness, of mutual respect, that I noticed among the Gurkhas here. Take one of the dhobies. He has the keenest personal interest in his officer's belongings, and it comes out in remarks like this made to one of the officers: "Sahib, our shorts have been damaged in the laundry."

And the fighting men themselves are jealous of the good names of their regiments. They carry this loyalty to extraordinary lengths. They told me of one man who went home to Nepal for eight months leave after some years service. The day for his return arrived -- but not the Gurkha. The day became a week, the week a month, the month a year -- and he reported back for duty. He was in a desperate state. "What on earth's the matter?" they asked him. "What has happened to you? Where have you been?" They carried him to the hospital and he told how he had been mauled by a tiger. It took him a year, but he kept his word. He reported back for duty...

Another Gurkha. He had a new bull. Before leaving home he went to it to say good-bye. It gored him, ripped his stomach open. His family did as he told them from his bed -- they called in the village moti, or bootmaker, who stitched up the wound with a leather thong. A few days rest and the Gurkha soldier began his journey back to his unit.

His C.O. sent him straight to the hospital, too, and told him he should not have tried that appalling journey but should have sent a message saying what had happened.

The Gurkha replied: "I have not been back late from leave in twenty-three years, sahib. I cannot begin being late now that I have been made a subedar."

This is the sort of man our Gurkha ally is. They are all x out of the same mould -- from the subedar major to the bisti, or water-carrier, immortalised by Kipling's Gunga Din.

Miss Broadhead

News Talk broadcast from Singapore. 10.05 p.m. 19th November, 1941.
Patrick Walton.

America, Japan, Russia, Iran, occupied Europe, the war and war news these days seem to be all over the world except in England - England which for a year was the focal centre of the war, the bridgehead of freedom. Apart from speeches by the Prime Minister, which after all are intentional in their significance, today is the first time for months that England has made the headlines. By the way I'd better say right now tht when I say England I refer to the United Kingdom. With due apologies to fellow Scots I find the one word easier and less pompous than the three.

Today's news from England does not give one much scope for comment in itself; its implications are as yet unrevealed, though I think we may legitimately say that one item, the selection of General Pownall for an unspecified "special appointment" is an announcement that will soon prove to have very great significance for our general strategy. But that's only my guess, and apart from that one thing, one can only note with regret the coming departure from active service of a Chief of the Imperial General Staff who has held down a vital post through critical days, and rejoice at the appointment of that same man to a post which in a different sphere has a vital importance of its own especially to us in the Far East. For the rest it isn't necessary to enlarge on the careers of the men who have moved up; Generals Brooke, Paget and Pownall have all written their names on the history of this war, in France, in Norway and during this past year in England. Only General Nye is less well known, and to him General Dill has paid a worthy tribute as a fellow officer of the Leicester Regiment, a man so to speak born in the Army, brought up at a school for the sons of N.C.S.s, commander successively of every formation in the Army from a section to a brigade, a man whose life has been the army and who at the early age which accords with modern views takes up one of its most senior posts. So I don't want to talk about the Army changes tonight, except to say there can seldom have been such wide changes made with such an obvious lack of rancour.

I want rather to take this news, this sudden bringing forward of an event in England, as a cue to try to find out roughly where stands England now - not where she stands in the world, in influence or prestige - I think we can be pretty sure of that - but where she

stands within herself, what people there are thinking and talking about, how their war is going. In fact, I want to piece together into some sort of a picture all the scraps of news we get about the "Home Front". And since the today is military, I'll start with military things. I'm justified too in doing this by the fact that it is a military question which is uppermost in English people's minds just now. One of those Gallup polls - samplers of public opinion - taken a little while ago brought out the invasion of the continent as the principal pre-occupation of the people. The invasion had replaced the solution of night bombing, and later the stopping of Nazi ship sinkings as most peoples idea of England's biggest job. You can look on these public opinion tastes as you will, but I think in this respect the result is confirmed by letters, papers, speeches, all the things from which the amateur gets his view of public opinion.

Evidence reaching here makes me believe very strongly that among the ordinary people at least there is no trace of complacency. Rather are there signs of over-eagerness to launch a military adventure which some who should know appear to think ill-advised just now. One can imagine people in pubs and clubs, canteens and homes, thinking back to the first winter of war and worrying half-thinking perhaps that the inactivity of those days may be being repeated, now there is another campaign in the East, now the immediate hand of war has been removed from England. Last winter war came to England, and now it has again receded, people are asking whether we should not follow it, less it should come back in greater fury. And besides that, I think there is evidence of a very real sense of obligation to our ally Russia, an ally who now is bearing the full brunt of German attack. People in England know what war means and are not content that the Nazis should be allowed to impose it on any of their fellow men without the utmost being done to check and harry the aggressor. And there I think lies the difference between these days and those two years ago. Then we were uncertain, fumbling our way into war, the leaders and the people uncertain of their adversary's strength, and not fully suspicious of the unutterable horrors he could perpetrate. I can well remember those days when we were fumbling into war, reacting from our first unfulfilled expectation of colossal carnage into comfortable illusions. It wasn't only the country's leaders, though

it is perhaps on them as leaders that the greatest weight of responsibility should fall. We, the people too, were comfortably sitting back and waiting for something to happen. No wonder we were shocked when the storm broke, no wonder we were caught bending. I dont think that can happen again. In high places we have shifted our dispositions - today's big changes - though they have nothing of the nature of a purge - are an indication that the best possible leadership is being unremittingly sought. After the successive crises of last we made shock changes, changes which undoubtedly arose from the pressure of public opinion, now we more gently and more leisurely arrange the resources of leadership at our disposal.

Second in importance to the problem of invasion, the answers to that recent poll put the job of speeding up our war production. And in the factories a great battle is being wages; time is now the opponent, not comfortably on our side. There are still calls for more and faster production, criticisms in the House of Commons that our full effort is not yet being put out. But are not these calls, these criticisms in themselves healthy signs? Last time they tended to come after the event, after one battle had been lost. I can remember very little such agitation in the first winter of war. And there is not the slightest doubt that now in this battle of production we have for a year been steadily gathering force, force which while this discontent is still alive throughout the country will continue to increase, until the day comes when we can reap the fruit of our work in a decisive action. It is impossible to predict when that day will come, with the great help we are now getting from Russia in the East and America in the West we can hope it will not be long delayed. But come it will. There are those in England who know our progress in the battle, who can pretty shrewdly judge our strength in relation to Germany's, who can tell what damage our beautiful bombs are wreaking in the enemy's production plans. Churchill, Beaverbrook, Bevin, we have applauded such men as leaders of decision and of drive. I'm not going to say comfortably, leave it to them; I think it's the best possible thing that the people of England are not content to sit back and leave it to anybody. The ultimate decision must obviously rest with those who have all the facts - but in the meanwhile the whole of England strives together as the people and their Choosen/leaders

News Talk.10.05. Novr. 18th. Miss Broadhead (extra copy)

The Ministerial speeches in the Japanese Diet hardly hold out much hope of success for Mr. Kurusu. Both the Premier, General Tojo, and the Foreign Minister, Mr. Togo, referred to the negotiations at Washington ~~is~~ as a cross-roads, and both of them said quite plainly that if Japan is unsuccessful in this attempt to secure a relaxation of the freezing order, then the alternative -- to put it bluntly -- is war.

The hope of agreement with America appears to be snuffed by the bellicose tone of these speeches. A week ago, the Japanese Government denied that the seven point policy published in one of Tokyo's semi-official newspapers actually represented the Government's views. But it is difficult to discover any difference at all between that seven point programme and official policy as laid down by General Tojo in the Diet. Japan's Premier condensed his policy into three main clauses. Third powers, he said, -- and I quote his words -- third powers should refrain from obstructing the successful conclusion of the China affair.

Well, obviously that means that America and Britain, and every other friend of China, are called upon to end all aid, go back on their pledges and stab themselves, as well as Chungking, in the back.

And that isn't all. We must also help Japan to defeat China if we want Tokyo's friendship. General Tojo's second point was this:- The countries surrounding Japan should not only refrain from any direct military menace to Japan, but should nullify such hostile measures as their economic blockade, and restore normal economic relations with Japan.

That is, Britain, America and the Dutch East Indies must let Japan have all the oil, iron, steel, copper and lead she wants. They must buy Japanese goods in order that Tokyo may be able to pay for all this war material, or they must let Japan have it on credit.

General Tojo had the Tripartite Pact for his third point. The war in Europe, he said, must not be allowed to spread to Asia.

That was why Japan became an Ally of the Axis. At least that is the reason Japanese spokesmen always advance for the conclusion of the Tripartite Pact.

The rest of General Tojo's address to the Diet needn't concern us. Mainly it consisted of a warning to the Japanese that they must prepare themselves for further sacrifices. They must be ready for more hardships, and they must place the Emperor's mind at ease.

There is a sentence in the Foreign Minister's address, however, which is worth rescuing. After declaring that there are limits to Japan's conciliatory attitude, Mr. Togo said this:- "Should an occasion arise such as might menace the prestige of Japan as a great power, it goes without saying that Japan must face it in a firm and resolute manner."

Prestige is a word which the Japanese are fond of conjuring. And its a very ominous word in the present circumstances, so ominous that there is some justification for the belief, said to be widely held outside non-official circles in Washington, that Mr. Kurusu has already failed in his mission.

This, of course, is presupposing that Mr. Kurusu's mission is to reach an amicable agreement with the United States. The tone of the Ministerial speeches in the Diet would rather suggest, however, that Mr. Kurusu was sent not in any hope of agreement being possible, but for the purpose of putting the Japanese Government straight with its people. There can be no doubt that a very large number of Japanese don't want war with the Anglo-Saxon powers. They've had altogether too much war in the last four years; too much new order and not enough co-prosperity. But while the Japanese Government may not be able to make war with America a popular war, it is possible to give it the appearance of inevitability. Through judicious use of Mr. Kurusu's mission, Tokyo can make some show of throwing the onus for war on the United States.

You must remember that General Tojo's three points, fantastic as they sound to us, have a different ring in Japanese ears. Japan's war in China is a holy war; its as holy to the Japanese as murder and massacre was holy to the Nazis in Poland. Perhaps "sacred" is a better word than holy.... an exact translation is difficult --- but at all events the idea of Japan being an aggressive power simply doesn't occur to any Japanese. The war in China is sacred.... part of the